

The CLAN CALL

by Hapsburg Liebe

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Young Carlyle Whitburn Dale, or "Bill Dale," as he is known, son of a wealthy coal operator, John K. Dale, arrives at the Halfway Switch in eastern Tennessee, abandoned a life of idle ease and incidentally a life of pleasure, at the altar of a mountain girl. "By" Heck, a character of the hills, takes him to John Moreland, a mountain man, who is chief of the "clan," which has an old feud with the "clan" of his brother, David Moreland, years ago, owner of coal deposits, by a man named Carlyle. Moreland's description of Carlyle causes Dale to believe the man was his father.

CHAPTER II.—Dale arranges to make his home with the Moreland family, for whom he entertains a deep respect.

CHAPTER III.—Talking with "Babe" Littleford next day, Dale is ordered by "Black Adam" Ball, bully of the district, to leave "his girl" alone. Dale replies spiritedly, and they fight. Dale whips the bully, though badly used up. He arranges with John Moreland to develop David's coal deposits. Ben Littleford sends a challenge to John Moreland, to meet him with his followers next day, in battle. Moreland agrees.

CHAPTER IV.—During the night the guns belonging to the Littlefords and the Morelands mysteriously disappear.

CHAPTER V.—Dale arranges to go to Cincinnati to secure money for the militia of the clan. The two clans find their weapons, which the women had hidden, and line up for battle. "Babe" is in effort to stop the fighting, crosses to the Moreland side of the river, and is accidentally shot by her father and seriously wounded.

CHAPTER VI.—To get proper surgical aid, John Moreland, Ben Littleford and Dale convey "Babe," unconscious, to the city. Doctors assure them she is not seriously hurt. Dale, however, is not so sure. Bobby McLaughlin, who had married Patricia Clavering, telling his father of David Moreland's plan to develop his coal deposits, convinces his son of his father's guilt in the killing of Moreland.

CHAPTER VII.—It is arranged that "Babe" is to stay with Mrs. McLaughlin to be educated. Dale, refusing his father's proffered financial aid to develop the mine, interests Newton Whitley, capitalist, who agrees to furnish the money. Dale realizes he loves "Babe."

CHAPTER VIII.—Returning to the Halfway Switch, Dale meets Major Bradley, lawyer, and real friend of the mountaineers, whom he has come for the clan. A man named Goff, of evil repute, tries to bribe Dale to betray the Morelands by selling him coal deposits, and telling them they are of little value. Dale attempts to throw him, but Goff draws a revolver. Dale is unarmed.

CHAPTER IX.

A Signal Victory.

The mining man Hayes, the major and John Moreland were waiting at the gate when Dale, accompanied by the moonshiner, returned to the cabin. Dale was the first to speak. He told briefly of that which had taken place at the blown-down scycamore, and at the last of it By Heck straightened proudly.

"I be daddummed if I hadn't ha' pumped him so full of lead 'at he couldn't enough of men got around him to tote off his corpse, or he hadn't ha' dropped the coward's gun." By Heck declared as fiercely as he could. "Cause maw she seed in the cup 'at Bill Dale was a-goin' to be a right pa'tickler friend of mine, I god, and I has a habit of takin' beer of my friends. Now that was my Uncle Bill, him what could jump a sixteen-rail fence."

"It was a nine-rail fence, By," impatiently cut in John Moreland. "You've done told that so much 'at it's dang high wore out. S'posin' ye go back there to the orchard hind of the house and see what Cale and Luke's a-doin'; hey, By?"

Heck nodded and went toward the orchard. He knew they didn't want him to overbore what they were going to say, but it didn't offend him. It wasn't easy to offend the good-natured Heck.

Moreland turned to Dale. "Well? Dale turned to Hayes.

"We're going to begin the building of the little railroad at the earliest possible moment. And because I don't know anything about the work, I'm going to ask you to take the lead. Now, there may be some fighting, I don't want you to go into this thing blindly, you see. If you're going to withdraw at all, do it now."

"I'm not a stranger to fighting," Hayes replied smilingly. "I've been through half a dozen coal strikes, I think you may count on me, Mr. Dale."

"Then lay out a plan for immediate action."

"I'd suggest," acquiesced Hayes, "that we send to the little town in the lowland for a supply of picks and shovels, axes and saws, hammers, drills, and explosives. In the meantime, you and I can stake out the way for the track."

It sounded businesslike, Dale thought.

Within the hour John Moreland and his son Caleb started for Cartersville on foot, and in the older man's pocket was money sufficient to buy the things that were needed.

Dale and Hayes set out for the north end of David Moreland's mountain, and each of them carried a hand-axe for making stakes.

It was not often that the quiet Hayes permitted himself to go into raptures over anything; however, he went into raptures over the Moreland coal. It was, he declared, one of the best propositions he had ever seen. It was no wonder that Henderson Goff

would mean a great deal of bloodshed at best. The Littlefords are Babe's people, y'know. I like Babe. You



"The Snake!" Mumbled John Moreland.

like her, too, or you never would have gone with her to the hospital—now don't you?"

"I reckon I can't deny," the Moreland leader muttered, "at I like Babe Littleford. She ain't like none of the rest of 'em, Bill."

Dale went on:

"All there is to do is to enlist the Littlefords on our side is this: you go to old Ben and say to him: 'Let's begin anew; let's be friends, your people and my people, you and me.' He'll be glad you did it. Then it will be easy sailing for us. The Balls never would dare to attack such a force as the Morelands and the Littlefords combined. Don't you see? I admit it will be something of a sacrifice on your part. But a man like you can make sacrifices. Any man who is big enough to go down on his knees and ask the blessing of the Almighty on his enemies is big enough to make sacrifices. Come—let's go over and see Ben Littleford now; won't you?"

The mountaineer didn't answer. "You won't throttle the cause born in David Moreland's good heart on account of a little personal pride—I know you won't," Dale said earnestly. Moreland straightened.

"You mean well," he said slowly. "I think you're one of the very best men in the world, Bill Dale. You often make me think of pore David himself. But I'm afraid ye don't quite understand Ben Littleford. I've seed my own son die from a Littleford's bullet. To go and offer to be friends with a man who might be the same one 'at killed my boy is a pow'ful hard thing to do. I'm afraid ye don't quite understand."

"It was a terrible thing, I know," said Dale. "But it was the fortune of war. The Littlefords have endured the fortunes of war in exactly the same way. Come with me; let's go. I need your help; I can do very little without your help. Come, John Moreland."

The hillman replied slowly: "Well, I'll go with ye over that. But Ben he'll ha' to make the first break at a-ben' friends, 'cause I'm purty shore I never will. As soon as I git my hat, Bill."

He went to the front porch and took from a chimney his broad-brimmed hat. Then the two set out.

They crossed an overgrown road, a sweet-scented meadow, the river by means of the blown-down scycamore, another sweet-scented meadow and another overgrown road, and entered the cabin yard of the Littleford chief. Here, too, many old-fashioned flowers were in bloom; a cane beddingle, slender and white, leaned against the porch; it made Dale think of Babe.

"You wait out here," whispered Dale, with a hand on his companion's arm. "I'll go in and see if I can persuade Littleford to make the advance. I'm pretty sure I can."

He started forward when a hound rose from the stone step and growled warningly. At that Dale halted and sang out:

"Hello, Ben!"

The front door swung open, creaking on wooden hinges, and Babe's father, barchanded and with a lamp in his hand, appeared in the doorway. He knew the voice that had summoned him.

"Come right in, Mr. Dale," he invited with the utmost cordiality. "Come right in!"

He scolded the dog away, and Dale entered the primitive home. He was shown into the best room, where he dropped easily into a roomy old rocker that was lined with an untanned sheepskin. Ben Littleford put the lamp on a crude table, drew up another chair, and sat down facing his visitor.

"I hope ye ain't jest happened over for a minute or two on business," he drawled; "I hope ye've come to spend the night wit' me, anyway."

"I'm here in the interests of peace," Dale began, looking at the hillman squarely. "I want you Littlefords to be on good terms with your neighbors, the Morelands. John is out there at your gate now; he is waiting for you to ask him in and say to him: 'Let's begin anew; let's be friends, your people and my people, you and me.' You want that, don't you, Ben? Babe did, I'm sure."

Littleford frowned, laid his big fingers together and twirled his big thumbs. Now that he was once more at home, with assurance that his daughter would entirely recover, he was no longer weak; he had all his old courage and all his old, stubborn hill pride back.

"I'll ax John in," he finally decided, "but he'll ha' to make the first break at a-ben' friends. Me axin' him into my house is a purty durned good start toward friendship, ain't it?"

He arose, took up the lamp, walked to the front door and opened it, and called into the night:

"Won't ye come in, John?"

"I reckon I will, Ben," was the lazy answer. "Fo' a minute, anyhow. But I reckon I can't stay long."

Moreland followed Littleford into the best room. Littleford put the lamp beside the worn leather-bound Bible on the table, and they sat down. They looked steadily at each other, and Dale saw plainly that both were ill at ease. Surely, thought Moreland, he had come into his old enemy's house. Surely, thought Littleford, he had done a great deal when he had asked John Moreland into his home.

Came a silence that was heavy. Each was depending upon the other to make the advance. The two clannish stared at each other more and more sharply, and soon shadows of bitterness began to creep into their eyes.

Then Major Bradley, guest of Ben Littleford, strode into the room with a patrician and soldierly air, and he understood the situation perfectly.

"Gentlemen," he urged, "shake hands. Be friends."

They didn't. Neither seemed to have heard the major. It angered Ben Littleford. His knowledge of these feud-fetters, those grown-up children, was not yet very thorough. He went to his feet, John Moreland, too, arose.

"We'd as well go, hadn't we?" Dale clipped, and there was disgust in his voice.

"I reckon we had," agreed Moreland.

They walked out of the cabin, leaving Major Bradley and Ben Littleford gazing silently after them. At the gate Dale caught John Moreland's sleeve and halted him.

"Why on earth," he demanded, "didn't you make the break?"

"Bill Dale, I went into his house!" Dale put his hands on one of the weatherbeaten gateposts and looked over to where a bright star burned like a beacon light above the pine-fringed crest of David Moreland's mountain. He continued to look at the star, his face gray, until it glimmered.

Then he began to blame himself; he was the hope of a blighted people, and he had foolishly lost his temper at a crucial moment! He wondered whether it was yet too late, and turned his eyes toward his silent companion. He saw that John Moreland was looking toward the beacon star.

The voice of Ben Littleford came to them plainly because the night was so very still; he was reading from the Gospel according to Saint Mark, preparatory to his bedtime prayer. The two at the gate listened intently. The way in which the illiterate giant stumbled over the simplest words was pitiful.

The hillman closed the Good Book and placed it on the table beside him. There was the low shuffling of feet as half a dozen persons knelt at their chairs. The prayer which followed was much like John Moreland's own bedtime prayer; it had in it less of supplication than of thanksgiving.

And in the fall of it there were words that were like bullets to the mountaineer at the gate—

"—Bless the good man who is with us here tonight, and all of our kind-folks, and all of our friends, and all of our enemies—and specially the Morelands. Amen!"

Dale's hand came down hard on John Moreland's shoulder.

"You told me he wouldn't do it!"

The old clan leader hung his head, like a man suddenly broken. He replied not a word; he seemed amazed into speechlessness. He had been wrong in his estimate of Ben Littleford; he had lied about a man who had just asked the good Almighty to bless him. John Moreland choked a little and started toward the cabin. He walked as though half blind across the porch, and entered without knocking, and went in to Ben Littleford with his right hand outstretched.

"Let's begin anew," he said huskily. "Let's be friends, your people and my people, you and me!"

Littleford arose and groped for his old-time enemy's hand, found it and grasped it in both his own.

"You're better 'an I am, John Moreland," he said—"you're a d-d sight better 'an I am!"

When Dale left them, they were talking over a great bear-hunt that they had taken together a score of years before.

The moon, full and as bright as new gold, had risen just under the beacon star when Bill Dale reached the doorstep of the cabin that was home to him. He faced about. The broad green valley lay very serene and very beautiful there in the mellow light. There was no sound save for the gentle murmuring of the crystal river.

"You wonderful place," he said softly, then added: "My own country!"

(Continued next week)

LEWIS DISTRICT

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Reid have moved back into this neighborhood.

Several of the farmers in this vicinity have taken out contracts to raise cucumbers, radishes and beans for S. M. Isbell & Co., located at Jackson, Mich.

Mrs. R. McPaul and Mrs. A. Hibner spent part of last week at Guy Hibners.

Mrs. Maggie Parks has been spending several days with her daughter, Mrs. W. Mengar, near Alma. Mrs. Mengar is quite sick.

Mr. Ernest Dalton, of near Butterworth, visited at Pearl Beards, Monday.

Letta Parks is working for Mrs. Ida Knowlton.

Frank Rudd and family were callers at Floyd Bacon's Sunday.

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LEGAL NOTICES

STATE OF MICHIGAN.
In the Circuit Court for the County of Gratiot—in Chancery.
Clara B. Wadley, and Edna Wadley Plaintiffs,
vs. William S. Brown, Joseph Brown, Amiel M. Hamister, and their unknown heirs, devisees, legatees and assigns, Defendants.

Bill pending in the Circuit Court for the County of Gratiot, in Chancery, on the 24th day of March, 1922, it appearing to me, the undersigned, Circuit Judge in and for the County of Gratiot, Michigan, that the above named defendants, who are included in the above named cause, and from the affidavits annexed thereto, that said defendants, therein without being named and that it can not be ascertained in what state or county the said defendants, William S. Brown, Joseph Brown, Amiel M. Hamister, reside.

Therefore, on motion of Seal & Seal, attorneys for plaintiff, it is ordered that the above named defendants and their heirs and assigns, devisees, legatees and assigns, appear in and for the County of Gratiot, and that each of their appearance be entered in this cause within three months from the date of this order, and that in default thereof, said bill of complaint and a copy thereof, to be served on the defendants, be taken as confessed by each and all of said defendants; and that the plaintiff cause a copy of this order to be published in the Alma Record, a publication hereinafter authorized, and that such publication be continued for a period of four weeks in succession, and that plaintiff cause a copy of this order to be personally served on said defendants and each of them at least twenty days before the time prescribed for their appearance.

Edward J. Moynet, Circuit Judge.

Seal & Seal, Attorneys for Plaintiff, Business Address: St. Johns, Michigan.

Notice
The foregoing suit involves the title of lands described as lot seven and eight Block One Subdiv. Addition to Pioneer Methodist Church, being a part of the Northwest quarter of the southeast corner of the Northwest quarter of Section Thirty-three, Township Nine North Range One West, State of Michigan, and is brought to quiet the plaintiff's title thereto.

Seal & Seal, Attorneys for Plaintiff, Business Address: St. Johns, Michigan.

STATE OF MICHIGAN. In the Circuit Court for the County of Gratiot—in Chancery.

Odell Post, Plaintiff.

Katherine Gitt, Leah E. Bond, Augusta Sawyer, Hattie Reed, Della E. Campbell, Marjorie Williams, Nellie Andrews, Katie Smith, Charles W. Giddins, Edward Cadek, Nora Putnam, Anne Johnston, Florence Blanche Fred T. Hertz, Myra Smith and the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees and assigns of John E. Jones, James R. Porter, and Daniel L. Case, Defendants.

Bill pending in the Circuit Court for the County of Gratiot, in Chancery, on the 24th day of March, 1922, it appearing to me, the undersigned, Circuit Judge in and for the County of Gratiot, Michigan, that the above named defendants, who are included in the above named cause, and from the affidavits annexed thereto, that said defendants, therein without being named and that it can not be ascertained in what state or county the said defendants, Katherine Gitt and the unknown heirs, devisees, legatees and assigns of John E. Jones, James R. Porter, and Daniel L. Case, reside.

Therefore, on motion of Seal & Seal, attorneys for plaintiff, it is ordered that the above named defendants and their heirs and assigns, devisees, legatees and assigns, appear in and for the County of Gratiot, and that each of their appearance be entered in this cause within three months from the date of this order, and that in case of their nonappearance, they cause their answer to the bill of complaint to be filed and a copy thereof to be served on the attorneys for the plaintiff within twenty days after service on them of a copy of said bill of complaint and a notice of this order, and that in default thereof, said bill of complaint be taken as confessed by each and all of said defendants; and that the plaintiff cause a copy of this order to be published in the Alma Record, a publication hereinafter authorized, and that such publication be continued once each week in succession, and that plaintiff cause a copy of this order to be personally served on said defendants and each of them at least twenty days before the time prescribed for their appearance.

Edward J. Moynet, Circuit Judge.

Seal & Seal, Attorneys for Plaintiff, Business Address: St. Johns, Michigan.

Notice
The foregoing suit involves the title of lands described as the southwest quarter (1/4) of section one (1) in the township of Hamilton, Gratiot County, Michigan, and is brought to quiet the plaintiff's title thereto.

Seal & Seal, Attorneys for Plaintiff, Business Address: St. Johns, Michigan.

MORTGAGE SALE
Whereas default has been made in the condition of that mortgage dated March 11, 1914, given by Frank Mackenzie and Lottie Mackenzie, husband and wife, to Henry Shiner, of Breckenridge, Mich., which said mortgage was recorded in the office of Register of Deeds for the County of Gratiot, Michigan, in Liber 12 of Mortgages on Page 24.

Whereas the said mortgagors have made default in the payment of \$200 of the principal of said mortgage at the rate of \$100 each year beginning March 11, 1916 to together with interest on the principal sum for one year amounting to \$27.80 which was due and payable March 11, 1922.

Whereas it is provided by the terms of said mortgage that in case such default should continue for thirty days, the whole principal sum of said mortgage together with all arrears of interest thereon shall at the option of the mortgagee be sold without notice to the mortgagors and without notice to the mortgagors' heirs, devisees, legatees and assigns, and that the proceeds of such sale shall be applied to the payment of said debt and costs of sale.

And whereas the amount of principal and interest on said mortgage has been declared to be due and payable upon such mortgage in the sum of Four thousand eight hundred Dollars (\$4800.00) and the further sum of Five and 53/100 Dollars due for insurance on the mortgage property and added to the principal sum thereof as provided in said mortgage, together with costs of this foreclosure including an attorney fee of \$35.00, as provided by law, and no suit or proceeding at law having been instituted for the recovery of said debt or any part thereof, whereby the power of sale contained in said mortgage has become operative.

THEREFORE, NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the holder of the said power of sale and the statute in such case made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises therein described at public auction to the highest bidder, at the north front door of the Court House in the Village of Hamlet, in the County of Gratiot, Michigan, on Saturday, July 22, 1922, at the hour of one o'clock in the afternoon of said day, which said premises are described in said mortgage as follows: The south half of the southeast quarter of Section Four (4) in Township Twelve (12) North of Range One (1) West, except one-half acre of land in the southeast corner of the above description, conveyed by the Free Methodist Church, all in the township of Wheeler, County of Gratiot and State of Michigan.

Dated at Alma, Mich., April 21, 1922.

HENRY SHINER, Mortgagee.

F. L. Johnson, Attorney for Mortgagee, Address: Alma, Mich.

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